

# ORLEANS INDEPENDENT STANDARD.

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## THE SQUATTER FAMILY.

Among the early settlers of the West were many who moved out and selected sites for homes upon the unoccupied land they might find, and by clearing a portion of it, and building a cabin they obtained a pre-emption right of the soil, or at least a certain portion of it and in possession of which they have been protected by the government, at least so far, as that no one could dispossess them without paying them an equivalent for the improvement; and even then, they had a prior claim, or privilege of purchasing at government price over every other purchaser. Such pioneers have been denominated "squatters."

In an early day, a man who had left the sterile soil of an Eastern State, started with his young and rising family to better his condition in the rich and fertile valley of the West. He was a poor, but honest man, had struggled hard to raise his family, and by patient industry was enabled to obtain an outfit of a horse and cart to journey to the West. Passing through what was then a wilderness, at length reached a spot on the Illinois river, about two hundred miles from its mouth, where he pitched his tent, and subsequently erected his cabin. His family consisted of a wife and three children—the eldest a boy, who was in his nineteenth year, a girl in her eighteenth year, and the youngest a boy of fourteen.—They were all vigorous, the four were well suited for the hard toil and poor fare of pioneer life.

One day there came to the squatter's cabin three Indians, professing to be friendly, who invited the father to go on a hunting excursion with them. As the family subsisted mostly on game he finally consented to accompany them, taking with him his eldest son. They expected to be absent about a week, as they intended to take a somewhat extensive range. After three days had passed, one of the Indians returned to the squatter's house, and deliberately lighting his pipe and taking his seat by the fire he commenced smoking in silence. The wife was not startled at his appearance, as it was frequently the case that one and sometimes more of a party of Indian hunters getting discouraged, would leave the rest and return. This was usually the case when they imagined they discovered some bad sign, and it would not only be useless, but disastrous for them to hunt under such circumstances.

The Indian sat for some time in sullen silence and at length removing his pipe from his mouth, he gave a significant grunt to awaken attention, and said: "White man die." The squatter's wife at this replied:

"What is the matter?"

"He sick; tree fall on him; he die.—You go see him."

Her suspicions being somewhat aroused at the manner of the savage, she asked him a number of questions. The evasiveness and evident want of consistency in the answers at length confirmed her that something was wrong. She judged it best not to go herself, but sent her youngest son, the eldest as we have seen, having gone on a hunt with his father. Night came, but it brought not the son or the Indian. All its gloomy hours were spent in that lone cabin by the mother and daughter; but morning came without their return. The whole day passed in the same fruitless look-out for the boy; the mother felt grieved that she had sent her boy on the errand, but it was now too late. Her suspicions were now confirmed that the Indians had decoyed away her husband and sons. She felt they would not stop in their evil designs, and that, if they had slain the father and his boys, they would next attack mother and daughter.

No time was to be lost; and she and the daughter, as night was approaching, went to work to barricade the door and windows of the cabin, in the best manner they could. The rifle of the younger boy was all the weapon in the house, as he did not take it when he went to seek his father. This was taken from its hangings, and carefully examined to see that it was well loaded and primed. To her daughter she gave the axe, and thus armed, they determined to watch all night, and if attacked by the savages, to fight to the last.

About midnight they made their appearance, expecting to find the mother and daughter asleep, but in this they were disappointed. They approached stealthily, and one of the number knocked loudly at the door, crying, "Mother, Mother."

The mother's ear was too acute to be deceived by the wily savage, and she

replied, "Where are the Indians my son?" The answer, "Um gone," would have satisfied her, if she had not before been aware of the deceit.

"Come up, my son, put your ear to the latch hole; I want to tell you something before I open the door."

The Indian applied his ear to the latch hole—the crack of the rifle followed, and the Indian fell dead.

As soon as she had fired she stepped on one side of the door, and immediately two rifle balls passed through it, either of which would have instantly killed her.

"Thank God!" said the mother in a whisper to her daughter, "there are but two. They are the three that went to hunt with your father, and one of them is dead. If we can only kill or cripple another we shall be safe. Take courage, my child; God will not forsake us in this trying hour. We must both be still after they fire again. Supposing they have killed us, they will break down the door. I may be able to shoot one,—for in the meantime she had reloaded the rifle—but if I miss, you must use the axe with all your might."

The daughter equally courageous with her mother, assured her that she would do her best.

The conversation had hardly ceased when two more rifle balls came crashing through the window. A death-like stillness ensued for the space of several minutes when two more balls in quick succession came through the door, followed by tremendous strokes against it with a heavy stake. At length the door gave way, and an Indian with a fiendish yell, was in the act of springing into the house; but a ball from the boy's rifle, in the mother's hands, pierced his heart, and he fell across the threshold. The surviving Indian dared not venture—and it was well for him he did not—fired at random and ran away.

"Now," said the mother to the daughter, "we must leave;" and taking the rifle and the axe, they hastened to the river, jumped into a canoe, and without a morsel of provision, except a wild duck and two blackbirds which the mother shot on the voyage, and which they ate raw, they paddled their canoe down the river until they reached the residence of a French settler at St. Louis.

Sometimes after, a party of hunters started over into Illinois, and scoured country in every direction; but they returned without finding either the squatter or his boys. Nor have they ever been heard of to this day. Should the traveller pass by the beautiful city of Peoria, in his westward wanderings, the old settlers in that neighborhood can point out the spot where stood the cabin of the squatter, so heroically defended by his wife and daughter, and who so nobly avenged the death of the father and sons.

The pioneer woman of the west, like the men, were made of sterner stuff than enters into the composition of most of modern ladies and gentlemen. They were brave in entering the wilderness, and they showed themselves equally so in grappling with its difficulties, and encountering its perils. Who has not heard of the heroic Miss Elizabeth Zane, at Fort Henry, 1777, where the city of Wheeling now stands? When a large army of savages had been collected under the infamous Girty, and had attacked the fort, having killed in an outside skirmish several officers and men, a fearful crisis had arrived. The fort was reduced to eleven men and boys. The houses of the village were occupied by the savage foe, who for the moment had ceased hostilities, and had withdrawn to the base of the hill which rose abruptly and precipitously from the narrow valley. The ammunition of the fort was nearly exhausted, and the stock must be replenished or all would fall—men, women and children—a prey to the merciless savages. About sixty yards distant, at the house of Ebenezer Zane, there was a keg of powder. If that could be procured they would be enabled successfully to defend the fort, and keep the Indians at bay. Not a man or boy, for they were almost equally good marksmen, could be spared; and yet some one must hazard his life in the attempt. It was the forlorn hope of that little band, and on it their fate was to turn.

The commander, Col. Shepard, called for a volunteer in this perilous undertaking. Several promptly offered their services, both men and boys; but they were the bravest of the band, and could least be spared. The difficulty seemed to be not finding the heart stout enough for the fearful undertaking, but in making the selection. Just then, up starts a

slender delicate girl. With the spirit of her father, she said to the commander, "I will bring the powder. If I die in the attempt my loss will not be felt." In vain they strove to dissuade her, she would most certainly be shot; besides she could not run with the fleetness of a man. All entreaties were in vain, and she heroically exclaimed, "Open the gate and let me go!" With tearful eyes the gates were opened, and the intrepid girl bounded toward the house. The moment she emerged from the fort she was seen by the Indians, who, instead of firing at her, seemed to be taken by surprise and astonishment, that for a moment suspended their murderous purpose. She reached the house, entered it, secured the desired keg, and started back for the fort. The soul of the heroic girl was in the effort, and bravely did it support her. As she sped across the space with her burden, a dozen rifles were raised, and their sharp simultaneous crack seemed to announce her doom; but she neither fell nor faltered. On with accelerated speed, she urged her way; and passing the gate, she entered the fort in safety.

The deed of that brave girl saved the fort; and an advantage was gained over the savages, from which they did not recover so as to renew their depredations in future on that frontier out-post. Pioneer life in the west, abounds with incidents of female heroism; and the simple story of their deeds possesses a more thrilling interest than can be infused by the most fervent and fruitful imagination, into any scene of fiction.

## Gold Discoveries in Washington Territory.

The *Alta California* has the following relative to important gold discoveries in Washington Territory:

"Frank Clark, Esq., a resident of Steilacoom, arrived last evening in the Cortez, and gives us some interesting information in regard to the late discoveries of gold in Washington Territory. A number of prospecting parties have gone out from the various towns on Puget Sound to examine the streams emptying into the Sound on the east side, and in nearly every stream which has been prospected, the color has been found."

Gold has lately been found on the head waters of the Nesqually, the Puyallup, the White, the Cedar, the Skagit and the Snoqualmie, and serious hopes were entertained by the prospectors that they would find rich diggings on that stream.

Still more gold has been found on the eastern slope of the Cascade Mountains. The auriferous character of that country was known four years ago, but no careful examination had been made, and it was not known that there were any very rich diggings. Miners, however, worked on the Yakima, one hundred miles southeast of Steilacoom in 1854, but the mines were not very rich, and the whites were soon driven off by the Indians. Gov. Stevens found gold in this district while making his survey for the northern railroad route, and when Major Haller crossed the Natchess Pass, during the Indian war several years ago, his men found the color wherever they prospected.

The Fraser river fever has awakened popular attention, and the Yakima country will be thoroughly examined. Gold has been found of late on the Natchess, the Wenat-the, Met-how, the Yakima, and on a number of other streams. Some half breeds are now at work on the Wenat-the, and they have found very rich diggings. Mr. Clark brings forty-eight ounces of dust dug in Washington Territory; and twenty-two ounces come from the Wenat-the. About 125 men have gone out from Steilacoom, Seattle and Victoria, to mine on the Wenat-the, expecting to stop there, though before starting, most of them had prepared themselves to go to Fraser or Thompson's river.

A correspondent of the Portland (Oregon) Times, says that gold can be found anywhere above Fort Simcoe, which is about 65 miles from the Dalles. Prospects made along the route, yielded from five cents to a dollar and a half to the pan, from the loose dirt and gravel on the surface. The whole formation of the country is represented as indicating rich deposits of gold.

PUTTING THE CASE STRONG. A Western editor, speaking of Blair's defeat in Missouri, says:

"That there is a villainy in this, after the marching of breech-clouted savages to the falls in Minnesota, and the use of the Cincinnati Directory in Kansas, is plain. As an excited attorney remarked once upon a time to the 'gentlemen of the jury'—fellow citizens, 'this thing wears upon its front, in letters of living fire, the damning word—F-r-o-d-a.'"

## THOUGHTS ON THE OCEAN TELEGRAPH.

An eloquent sermon on the subject of the Atlantic Telegraph was preached in Canton on the last Sabbath, by Rev. Nathan H. Chamberlain, from which we are permitted to make the following extracts:

Observe where this telegraphic line is laid. Far down in the dark depths of waters inaccessible, that to plummet ever sounded, it stretches for more than six hundred leagues, along the silent, shadowy, mystic bed of the sea; across soaring mountains, whose summits are swept with changing tides; laying its slender folds in the black craters choked up with waters; across wide plains or sudden precipice, in the seeresses of whose yawning jaws animated denizens of the sea abide; over rock, and boulder, and soft sand; over solitary relics of the primeval world, preserved in the calm depths; vestiges of the tropics and the poles strewn there by the currents of the sea; over fair sea shells, and the debris of long forgotten races, of fish, and bird, and beast; over the gold of luckless mariners, laid away in safety of ocean secrecy; over the ribs of shattered ships, laid up amongst the gathering ocean sands in a mausoleum befitting a gallant barque; over the skeletons of ill-starred mariners, wrapt in their winding-sheet of waters; laid where unnamed monsters of the deep might float slowly past it, and levitation might sport above it; laid where no ray of light can ever reach, where the bright sun touches into untold splendors of infinite shape and coloring the sea-pray of the surface; or where the moon clothes with a silvery mantle the midnight waves; laid in the eternal night of changeless darkness—darkness old as when God divided sea from land; in those sunless, hueless, joyless depths no eye can ever see; laid in the hushed quiet of tideless waters; beneath the sweep of ocean currents; in halls of silence no sound of rushing waters or wintry winds can reach; laid in the unseen, untroubled, unchanged, mysterious under sea.

Thus, then, Science climbs slowly her starry heights, lifting Humanity into supremacy over the universe of matter.—Thus her votaries labor, and, as in the ocean telegraph, ever and anon record in an accomplished purpose the past they have attained.

Thanks, then, for the priesthood of true Science; priesthood, also, of the Church, who, though sometimes forgetting that, like the medieval cathedral, the plan-work of the universe is ever across—still lead the race onward to its appointed way over matter. Thanks for the workers resting, and for the harnessed band of laborers; for the historic record, and for the acted present; for the unknown that watched the stars on Chaldaean plains night forty centuries since; for the Copernicus who discovered, and for the Galileo who approved; and for those that in silent observatories swept with telescopes last night the heavens; for the unknown and wandering philosophers of an unsatisfying heathenism, and for the fathers of the Church of Christ; for the great names in our modern roll of fame; for the discoverers that sailed, and for the inventors that constructed; for Kane and Humphrey and Watt and Hervey and Stephenson and Fulton and Whitney; for those lost souls of dead men, shining in their starry firmament, that light Humanity on its predestined way;—and thanks, moreover, for those living scholars that traverse seas and bury themselves in laboratories, and watch with Nature until she speaks to them; for the young men earnest, and for the old men confident; for the venerated Nestor that waits calmly amidst laborious tasks of learning, with failing powers still consecrate to science that led him across the world; great traveler, great philosopher, great man—waiting for his entrance into the perfect science of our Hereafter;—and thanks for him, no longer alien, but countryman, who for the sake of science puts back imperial bribes, and toils as no slave work, that he may reach the truth in Nature;—thanks for these men, not because they all profess our Christian faith—for the clearest eyes in science have sometimes veils of skepticism hung over them—but because by such the supremacy of man is widened, and humanity is slowly lifted over those stony stairs of knowledge, to recognize more fully the subjection of the universe to human thought, and the mighty meaning of our text:

"Thou hast put all things under his feet; all sheep and oxen; and the fowl of the air; the fishes of the sea, and whatsoever passeth through the paths of the sea."

## The Ocean Telegraph Complete.

CYRUS STATION, N. Y., Aug. 16, To the Directors of the Atlantic Telegraph Company, New York.

Europe and America are united by Telegraph.

"Glory to God in the Highest, and on Earth Peace, Good Will towards Men."

[SIGNED] DIRECTORS ATLANTIC TELEGRAPH COMPANY, GREAT BRITAIN.

## The Queen to the President!

To Her Majesty the President of the United States:

Her Majesty desires to congratulate the President upon the successful completion of this great international work, in which the Queen has taken the deepest interest. The Queen is convinced that the President will join with her in fervently hoping that the electric cable which now connects Great Britain and the United States, will prove an additional link between the nations, whose friendship is founded upon their common interests, the reciprocal esteem. The Queen has much pleasure in thus communicating with the President and renewing to him her wishes for the prosperity of the United States.

VICTORIA.

## The President's Reply.

WASHINGTON CITY, Aug. 16, 1858. To Her Majesty, Victoria, Queen of Great Britain:

The President cordially reciprocates the congratulations of Her Majesty the Queen, on the success of the great international enterprise, accomplished by the science, skill, and indomitable energy of the two countries. It is a triumph more glorious because far more useful to mankind than was ever won by conqueror on the field of battle. May the Atlantic Telegraph, under the blessing of Heaven, prove to be a bond of perpetual peace and friendship between the kindred nations, and an instrument destined by Divine Providence to diffuse Religion, Civilization, Liberty and Law throughout the World. In this view will not all the Nations of Christendom spontaneously unite in the declaration that it shall be forever neutral, and that its communications shall be held sacred in passing to the places of their destination, even in the midst of hostilities.

JAMES BUCHANAN.

## WHAT THE PEOPLE WANT.

The *National Intelligencer*, in the course of an article founded upon the question put by a Democratic paper of Virginia, viz: "What do the people of the country want?" well answers as follows:

"The people want an end put to sectional agitation, as well in its causes as its effects."

"They want a well regulated national currency."

"They want just and adequate protection awarded to American industry."

"They want a judicious system of internal improvements, instead of the present partial and spasmodic legislation of Congress."

"They want the public lands carefully husbanded, if their proceeds cannot be equitably distributed."

"They want a remedy applied to the abuses connected with the dispensation of the public patronage—abuses which provoke complaint even from the party which first inaugurated the 'spoils era' in politics."

"They want an economical administration of the government, as well in the collection as in the disbursement of its revenues."

"They want justice, dignity and moderation in the conduct of our foreign affairs, whether as regards the great Powers of Europe or the feeble States on our own continent."

"They want no further extension of our Territorial limits."

"They want the Executive power restrained within its ancient restrictions."

"They want the Judiciary, both State and Federal, respected alike for purity and independence of its decisions."

"They want no more 'deceptions and deceptions,' growing out of ambiguous legislation with respect to the Territories, or other topics of national concern."

"They want the Federal Legislature governed more by the felt necessities of the country and less by the exigencies of party."

By reference to Mr. Randall's advertisement it will be seen that he is now ready to attend to all calls in his line.

## How to keep the Government in Debt.

We gave an account the other day of the absurdly expensive custom-house at Charleston, South Carolina, and of the manner in which the federal government was lured on to foot bills of which it could have no conception at the outset. A similar case—worse, if anything—exists at New Orleans. There, the site for a custom-house was the gift of the city, and the appropriations began in 1845 with \$500 for a plan. During the next ten years annual appropriations followed, varying from \$100,000 to \$394,000, the total then reaching a little over \$2,000,000. The finance report of 1855-6 paid down the total amount of appropriations at \$2,375,255, and asked \$300,000 to carry forward the work up to June of the present year. Congress granted the sum, and the last report, therefore, asked for \$350,000 to take the work up to June of next year. But with a laudable fear, no doubt, that this yearly demand would, in time, excite some complaint, the report added that "the amount required to complete the work is \$1,434,634." This added to the amount of former appropriations would make the total estimated cost of the custom-house, exclusive of furnishing, \$3,789,889! This is the estimate of the superintendent, and the country will be fortunate if the entire cost is any less than three and a half millions of dollars.

The custom-house in this city cost about \$1,100,000, and that in the city of New York a little less than \$1,200,000. But to aggravate the absurd and reckless cost of the New Orleans custom house, it is built on such unsuitable foundations that not only four years ago had the front walls bulged out "several inches," but from the beginning to the present time the whole fabric has been gradually sinking into the ground. It has gone down nineteen inches since the tendency was first accurately observed in 1851, says the last report; which is at the rate of three inches annually. The ratio is decreasing, but whether this is owing to the less weight now added yearly, or not, the superintendent will not undertake to say. This is certainly a wonderful trap to catch the public moneys of the United States!

But if our late Democratic administrations have shown great proficiency in the art of sinking an immense share of the revenues in one place, they have been no less ingenious in getting up plans for their extra distribution. Gen. Pierce alone is said to have added more than three hundred clerks to the custom-house in N. Y., to have increased their number in most localities, and to have made the average annual expense of collecting the revenue this side of the Rocky Mountains nearly half a million more than it was during Mr. Fillmore's administration.—Mr. Cobb, the present head of the Treasury Department, began still more ambitiously. Under Mr. Fillmore the actual cost of collecting the revenue east of California was about \$2,000,000 annually. Mr. Cobb demanded of Congress \$3,700,000 annually for the same purpose, but obtained \$3,500,000. This is entirely out of proportion with the increase of the revenue or the means of living. It is but the natural aggregate of the same reckless prodigality, going on from year to year, of which, as to a single particular, the New Orleans custom-house is a conspicuous monument. It is no use to point to our growth of population and to the increase of expenses incident thereto, for an examination will not bear out the inference desired. Mr. Boyce, the Democratic free trader, has carefully compared the expenditures of 1857 with those of 1823, and he shows that while the latter averaged a little less than ninety-five cents to every individual of the country's population, the former—Mr. Buchanan's expenditures—averaged \$2.25 per man of the present population!

Make, then, every reasonable allowance which the case requires, and still the facts we have cited show that the sin of our present financial management is *inexcusable prodigality*. The government, like many an individual, has not harvested its resources, and it has recklessly increased its expenditures. It has been foolishly building palaces for public use, when neat and durable structures, of a quarter of the expense in many cases, would have been preferable. It has largely increased the number of its employees, a portion of whom are described by the Washington Union, as "miserable scavengers who devote four or five hours of idleness to their desks, and the balance of their time to assaults upon the Democracy and of the size of which portion the

same organ says: "It is a notorious fact that more than half the patronage of this Government is bestowed upon such unworthy and untrustworthy men." To continue this plan, it is plain, is just the way to keep the government in debt, and to keep its indebtedness perpetually on the increase. On the other hand, to get out of debt, the government must do as an individual would in similar circumstances: make the most of its resources, but by all means, cut down the expenditures. Let Congress, hereafter, count the cost of proposed public buildings in advance. Let retrenchment be carried into all departments of the public service. Let the number of office holders be diminished, beginning at once with that "half of the patronage" which, according to the Washington Union, is bestowed upon unworthy and untrustworthy men. If these reforms are not attended to, the only expedient left, and it will probably be the one which must be resorted to, is to turn out the present set of financial managers and put in a better.—*Boston Journal.*

## LIFE IN NEBRASKA.

A citizen of Nebraska thus puts up an eastern correspondent who spiced a variety of questions to him as to the Territory and life there:

"What kind of country do you live in?"

"Mixed and extensive. It is made up principally of land and water."

"What kind of weather?"

"Long spells of weather are frequent. Our sunshine comes off principally in the daytime."

"Have you plenty of water, and how got?"

"A good deal of water scattered about, and generally got in pairs and whisky."

"Is it hard?"

"Rather so, when you have to go half a mile, and wade in mud knee deep to get it."

"What kind of buildings?"

"Allegoric, Ionic, anti-Baloric, Long and Shaks. The buildings are chiefly out of doors and so low between joints that the chimneys all stick out through the roof."

"What kind of society?"

"Good, bad, hateful, indifferent and mixed."

"Any aristocracy?"

"Nary one."

"What do your people do for a living mostly?"

"Some work, some laze around; one's a shrewd business manager, and several drink whisky."

"Is it cheap living there?"

"Only five cents a glass and the water thrown in."

"Any taste for music?"

"Strong. Banjo and buck-aws in the daytime, and wolf-howling and cat-fighting at night."

"Any pinos there?"

"No, but we have several cow bells, and a tin pan in every family."

"Any manufacturers?"

"Every household. All our children are home productions."

"What could a genteel family in moderate circumstances do there for a living?"

"Work, shive notes, fish, hunt, steal, or if hard pinched, buy and sell town property."

A DOUBLE TRAGEDY. At St. James, near Donaldsonville, S. C., about the 26th ult., Constant Metterson, a young gentleman widely known and esteemed, having discovered in the cabin of one of his negroes some things that had been stolen from a store, determined to punish the slave. He accordingly took him to the sugar house to get iron for him, and arriving there made the negro (a blacksmith, it seems,) forge some manacles for his legs, and while stooping down to try their size, he received a blow from the slave which felled him to the earth. The weapon used was a huge blacksmith's hammer. Leaving his master for dead, the negro started off, but had not gone far when, chancing to look back, he saw his unfortunate victim essaying to rise. He immediately returned and finished his blood-thirsty deed; after which he cast the body into a pond, mounted his master's horse and rode off towards the woods. Dogs were obtained and the murderer badly pursued. In his flight he abandoned the horse, but felt the impossibility of his escaping and ran to the river and threw himself in. Before the witnesses of his act came up the murderer was drowned.

Debt is the worst kind of poverty.